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The "Jupiter" Symphony of Mozart.

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(Translated from the German for this Journal).

We come now to Mozart's last and most perfect creations in the Symphony kind: the works in G minor and in C. They are almost twin sisters, for they were produced only a month apart. Although these sisters are incomparably beautiful, they differ none the less in features and in character. A dilettante of the eighteenth century would have compared the younger to Minerva, accompanied by Apollo and the Muses; and the older to Venus weeping over the death of Adonis; and he would have recognized in the one all the attributes of the heart, in the other all the gifts of the mind.

The man of all kinds, all expressions, all contrasts, has bequeathed to us a last work, in which, instead of the elegiac ode (Symph. in G minor) with its most sorrowful outpourings, we find the Dithyramb raised to the highest pitch of splendor, of enthusiasm, of sublime Pindaric intoxication and bewilderment. The Symphony in C shows us what glorious inspirations lifted Mozart's soul from the things of to-day to a better morrow, in the midst of the sorrows which he has just related to us (in the G-minor), sorrows inseparable from a doomed and already wavering life, from which each one of his masterworks took away with it a part, and of which already he began to feel the end so near.

One might believe that the Symphony in C had been designed to glorify some extraordinary event in the annals of the world, some exceedingly happy and ever to be remembered victory! The loud ringing pomp of the orchestra, which makes itself remarked from the ninth bar in all its might, decidedly denotes the joyfulness of victory as the ground character of the work; but the Theme, which precedes this outbreak of victorious joy, is double. It consists of a sort of proclamation or *fanfare*, upon which follows a little questioning phrase in tied notes. That is the main thought, the fruitful theme, which by its developments impresses upon the great jubilation of the Allegro a quite peculiar stamp of spirituality and announces itself to the soul as a persistent striving after I know not what intellectual heights, which the poet burns to reach, but which he only reaches toward the end of the Ode. There is nothing more majestic and more splendid than the expansions, transformations and analyses of the two fragments of the theme. The one resounds like the cascade of a forest brook, which the echoes in multiplied tones repeat to the mountains; the other figure, ever pursuing, under different forms, the goal for which it strives, now dives under in the bass, now floats aloft upon the melody, and now, gathered up in a powerful *unisono*, it mounts and obstinately makes its way through the lists which are firmly held by the extreme voices of the orchestra and supported by the long-drawn tones

of the trumpets. An inexpressible, sublime effect. The middle portion, one of the most beautiful examples of *worked music*, is for the greater part made out of an accessory thought. This is the precious, not to be forgotten song of the violins, with an accompaniment in *pizzicato*, which, first heard in the Dominant, now transposed into E-flat major and treated as a subject, here furnishes the contrapuntal matter. Toward the close this song reappears in the Tonic as melody with new charms.

Andante, F major, 3-4 time. Whether the slow tempo follows a piece of energetic or of sad expression, or comes in after the outburst of a jubilant enthusiasm, like the first Allegro of our Symphony, it always indicates that moment of repose, of rest, of enervation or of intermission, which succeeds a spell of strong emotional activity. Here the suspension of the Ode, the *Andante*, gives us the image of a tranquil blissfulness, the pure height of enchantment. The theme, full of the most ravishing expression, and as singable as a piece written for the voice, occupies less room than Mozart commonly allows to the initial thought, with its modulations, in the putting together of the piece; and this comes from the superabundance of accessory thoughts, the number and the peculiar euphony of the concurring motives. This multitude of fine melodic details, mingled with long passages of demi-semiquavers and sextoles, these phrases self-multiplied in all their repetitions and imitations, spread over the piece a sort of twilight, while the ear loses itself with rapture, as the eye does in a thicket which the sunbeams penetrate perpendicularly, illuminating, enkindling and peopling it with a thousand fantastical forms. From time to time, though, some great opaque clouds obscure the blue of heaven. The soul feels the sting of a sudden pain, painful syncopations trouble the harmony, the Minor steps into the foreground and reigns through a succession of short-breathed and affrighted phrases; but these vapors without water, these unsubstantial shapes of terror, the humors of a moody wind, vanish as swiftly as they came. The sun prevails over all these impotent half-wills of the foul weather; his radiant face reappears with the theme, and the heart soars anew amid the beams of unextinguishable bliss. Mozart must have been satisfied with his *Andante*; we too are satisfied, and very much so; though candidly we must confess that we prefer that in the G-minor Symphony.

After the composer has rested in this sentimental meditation, full of charm, his fiery lyrical spirit is enkindled anew and breaks forth with impetuous, lively humor in the *Minuet, Allegretto, 3-4*, which they commonly take *Allegro*. It is made after the technical pattern of the older one in G minor, apart from the difference of the ideas, which is very great. The same nimble, noisy motives fill the two parts of the piece; but in the first they are presented in a simple melody, and in the second, which is much longer and more interesting, the composer has submitted

them to the difficult test of wonderful contrapuntal play, after which comes a *Coda* of the wind instruments, not less wonderful than that in the other Minuet. The Trio is a graceful prattle, cut short awhile by some energetic phrases in the Minor, in which the obstinate tone, the E, blown in the octave by the trumpets, produces the finest effect.

Who could count the abominations which the learned ones of that day might have found in the Finale to the Symphony in C? How the fearful fugue with four subjects must have heated their poor brains! This was neither BACH nor HANDEL, it was none of their acquaintance; it was MOZART. Where could they have found a measure for him, who had shattered their square and compass? Some of their criticisms have come down to us as monuments of their confusion; some fragments which we have cited elsewhere, will suffice to give an idea of the difference between the old fugue (strict and regular) and the free fugue of Mozart, which does not subject itself to the methodical periods of the class and admits mixture of style. When we spoke of unity with variety as essential conditions of the fugue, we recognized that variety involved two principles: canonical imitation and contrast of melodies. Bach had exhausted the first means; Mozart understood how to win an advantage from the second, which contributed more than all else to lend to music a new organization. Mozart, who was not a less sharp-sighted canonist than Bach, but who was far more inventive [?] and incomparably bolder, wove into the contrapuntal web melodies so different from one another, that one hardly conceives it possible that they could legitimately stand side by side; and when the eye has finally convinced itself, one still asks whether it can satisfy the ear. A pardonable doubt, which the execution soon turns to enthusiasm. This Finale consists of four themes, which surely do not look as if they were made to dwell together. Let the reader convince himself:



At the end of the piece the composer brings them all four forward, and the answer to no one of them is wanting. The union of imitation and contrast certainly could go no further.

With such modulation, full of boldness and of genius; with such freedom of style, such incredible power of combinations; with themes so opposite in character and outline; with an orchestral accompaniment, in fine, consisting of from

fifteen to twenty [?] voices and instrumented after Mozart's manner, the Fugue must naturally have expanded its effects and rendered itself applicable far beyond the utmost limits ever dreamed of by the contrapuntists old and new. The fugue is no longer the mere abstract expression of some sort of emotion; it can become picture, translate itself into action, paint a battle or anything that is positive, without any danger of falling into that kind of music which requires a programme.

To keep to our example, what then is the finale to the Symphony in C, which dazzles those who read and makes the hearer dizzy? It seems to me, that this *Allegro* is the sequel to the *Grave* (representing the emerging of Order out of Chaos) with which "The Creation" of HAYDN begins. Light has illumined the abyss; the laws of creation are in full force; suddenly the elements, indignant at the new yoke, attempt a gigantic revolution to win back the old anarchy. Fire, Air, Earth and Water one by one desert their appointed places and commingle in the vortex, in which the germinating Order seems to sink forever; a sublime spectacle to contemplate, like every great rebellion of matter against mind, its ruler. But this propensity to relapse into chaos has been foreseen; it serves, like order itself, the final ends of the eternal wisdom. The elemental forces may melt in one inextricable mass (the fugued portions of the piece), but they hear a voice which calls to them: "Thus far and no farther," and in a moment all is disentangled, and the young universe comes forth victorious and beautiful from the midst of this frightful confusion (the portions composed in the melodic style upon the same motives.)

Here we see the fugued style come out from the psychologically indefinite and abstract expression, within which it had so far confined itself, and by its union with the simple style, produce splendid analogies, to which neither the one nor the other could have attained singly. In this way Mozart seems to us the last word of the Flemish school, the primitive tendency of musical Art. Bach, who perfected the Fugue, so far as it was possible within the strict limits and the partially conventional forms, which the contrapuntists of the seventeenth century had prescribed to him, lifted the style to a very lofty height of grandeur and of science. Our hero enhanced this grandeur and this science by the wonders of his orchestral accompaniment and by the expansion which he gave to the principles of contrast. He understood how to make the fugue in the highest degree melodious and expressive, while he made it free. The old scholastic mould broke in pieces in his hands, and out of its ruins sprang its last and richest treasure, the queen of fugues, the work of works, the overture to *Zauberflöte*.

*** We have recognized a material analogy, in this Finale, with the ways which Haydn has adopted in the Introduction to the *Creation*. But all musical resemblances of this sort necessarily have their roots in a psychological analogy, inasmuch as the phenomena of the soul always find their correspondences in the phenomena of the outward world; accordingly in this Finale we may find the triumph of Order in the final supremacy of a thought that wavers for a time amid the many and the formidable images besieging it at once. From lyrical enthusiasm the poet has passed into the state of ecstasy and clairvoyance; what he at first related, he now sees; his power

of will, at first active and full of insight, becomes passive and mechanical; he seems to obey an influence from without, which subjugates, transports him, surrounds him with vast illusions and whispers to him words, of which he is the mere echo. The human event, which he has been glorifying, transforms itself into the *second sight* of the poet, with the whole series of causes that have induced it, with the whole chain of consequences that must spring out of it; the past, the present and the future appear to him united, yet clearly distinguishable, in this indivisible point in which they come in mutual contact, to reproduce each other and then die. The mind yields itself to contemplation of the divine origin and foreordination of events, of the motive-springs and reactions, of forces and counter-forces, of the coöperation and the conflict of sympathetic and hostile influences, of the whole wonderful mechanism, in which at first it is aware of nothing but a vast, inexplicable confusion, resulting none the less, according to our first analogy, in moral order.

We see that nothing yields itself to interpretation more than the ideal meaning of pure music, and especially the meaning of a Fugue. Every one can explain it to himself in his own way, according to the idea or the image which the hearing may chance to awaken in him. But whatever interpretation one may give to the Finale of our Symphony, all will agree in one thing: that it will dazzle those who see it (in notes), and that it must make dizzy those who hear it; a dizziness of wonder and enthusiasm. One must needs hear this music to believe it possible; it seems not to be, if studied with the eyes.

An impartial but timid criticism might perhaps ask, whether Mozart has not misused his genius in this singular composition, in order, so to say, to be gigantic and sublime; whether we do not find in it an excess of boldness and transporting power, an excess of combinations and figures, of learned harmony and canon, a monstrous largeness in the laying out of the plan and details of the piece, a taxing of attention even to weariness, an overloading for the ear, and now and then an obvious and culpable contempt of the rules which still stand in force? The reader may be sure we would refuse, with the whole force of our conviction and our musical sympathies, to join in such a judgment. Does not this music give one all that he can properly demand of it? Is it not in fact an exaltation of the tripod, which seems almost like delirium, denoting a degree of intellectual clairvoyance foreign to the normal state of man? Is it not that tremendous and eccentric power of thought, that shatters all known forms of speech, to recombine them in new words, new constructions, like the things themselves which the poet has to say to one? Is it not, in a word, the Dithyramb raised by music to its highest efficacy! In our view the Fugue in C is the masterwork of Mozart in the Symphonic kind and the highest expression of the kind itself, the highest standpoint. It is also the last effort of our hero in this branch of Art. Since Mozart could no farther go, he composed no more Symphonies, and left to his followers the glory of lifting this kind even to the Drama, and of characterizing their productions by descriptive titles which the hearers never could have thought of.

[The author here proceeds to show his utter

misappreciation of Beethoven, in which we will not follow him. It is quite as remarkable as his appreciation of Mozart, and quite as blind as that is (to borrow his own word) "clairvoyant."—Ed.]

The Welsh Eisteddfod.

The origin of the Eisteddfod, or Congress of Bards, cannot be estimated with any degree of certainty. The general voice of the learned, however, places it in the time of Gruffudd ab Cynan, who was famous for encouraging poetry and music. About the year 1100, this Prince invited a number of the most accomplished musicians from Ireland to assist him in forming a code of laws for reforming the manners and correcting the art and practice of the Welsh bards, who, it appears, for a long time had indulged in the worst disorders and abuses. Prince Gruffudd was Irish by birth, and had a natural leaning towards the music of his country; but, as none of the remains of Welsh melody can be satisfactorily traced to an earlier date than his reign, and as the 24 measures of instrumental music conformable to the laws of harmony were proposed and settled in a congress at which he presided, many writers, with some show of reason, claim for Hibernia the merit of having invented the most ancient and beautiful of the tunes attributed to Cambria, and of having first introduced the art of written music in contradistinction to that of simple improvisation. A further coloring is given to this presumption by the strong resemblance in style between the oldest Welsh and Irish tunes, and by the frequent employment of the minor mode in both. The question now is impossible to decide; nor has it any direct influence in the establishment of the Eisteddfod, which was a triennial assembly of the bards for regulating and amending the laws of poetry and music, conferring degrees on their professors, and contesting the office of chief bard, the successful candidate for which occupied the chair of the Eisteddfod until one more worthy and skilful than himself should be found to displace him. These meetings, in early times, were held at Aberffraw, the Royal seat of the Princes of North Wales, at Dinevawr, the castle of the Princes of South Wales, and at Mathral, the residence of the Princes of Powis. Notice of the Eisteddfod was publicly announced a year and a day in advance. Twelve umpires were selected by the candidates. These umpires were skilled in the Welsh tongue, in poetry, music, and heraldry. It was their office to propose a subject for the bards to sing upon, in any of the 24 metres, satire, personal abuse, and amatory effusions being forbidden. The bards were allowed a certain time to compose their poem, or piece of music, which they recited or executed in rotation before the umpires. The unsuccessful candidates were obliged to acknowledge their defeat in writing, and to pay homage and fees to the victor, who was installed forthwith in the chair of the Eisteddfod, as supreme head of the order. The personal attendance of the Prince at all the meetings, and the difficult conditions imposed upon the candidates, rendered the bardic honor a great distinction. Before the musical bard could rise to be doctor, the highest rank attainable, he was compelled to study three years as a novice, three as a graduate, and three as a bachelor; at the end of which period he was styled *Disgyb Disgyblaidd*, or Master of Music. The fourth and last degree, that of Doctor (*Perceidd Athraw*), was obtained after three years' further application. A bard thus distinguished was supposed to know 40 *cwlwm*, 4 *colwyn*, 20 *cydgerdd*, 4 *cadair*, 32 *caniadau*, and 4 *gosteg*, to understand all the laws and modifications of harmony, especially the 24 measures, and to explain them as they were written in the *Llyr Dosporth*, or book of musical divisions, to compose a *canaid* which practised bards should be unable to criticize, and to describe all its properties, divisions, and subdivisions, licences, rests, diatonic notes, flats, and sharps, and every change of movement through the various keys. The *cwlwm* was a symmetrical piece of music, with words; the *colwyn*, a fundamental subject or theme; the *cydgerdd*, a composition in harmony, or parts; the *cadair*, a "masterly" piece of music (a somewhat vague definition); the *canaid*, a song, or tune; the *gosteg*, a prelude or overture. Thus every doctor, to be worthy of his doctorate, was forced to exert himself in the composition of a tune, an amount of labor and ingenuity which now-a-days would render the distinction one of easy acquirement.

If the doctor was a harper he was supposed to know the three "famous" *muechul*, and the three "new" *muechul*, and to be able to play them in such a faultless manner that the established doctors should unanimously pronounce him competent as a performer, a composer, and a teacher. The *muechul* appear to have been the most elaborate and perfect pieces of

music. The three "famous" or ancient *mechael* were equal to the four *colom* or fundamental subjects; the three now *mechael* were equal to the four *cadair*, or "masterly" pieces. Who originally composed these pieces, or what kind of pieces they were, it is impossible to make out; the researches of the bardic historians have left them enveloped in obscurity. As there appears to have been a prescribed number of each, we may suppose them types or *formulae*, revered for their antiquity, which the bards were compelled to adopt as the basis of their own compositions, and hence we may explain why the Welsh, with all their boasted genius for music, like the Scotch and Irish, through a long succession of ages, left the art precisely where they found it. They produced a great many beautiful tunes which have outlived the names of their authors, and the dates of their composition can only be guessed at through the fog of tradition. In all probability these tunes are for the most part much more modern than it would please an antiquary to avow. Amidst a marked originality of style, the difficulty of adapting pleasing and natural basses to the majority of them is a powerful argument against those who insist that the early bards were skilled in counterpoint and harmony. All that the most assiduous explorers have been enabled to take out of the ashes of the past fails to establish the shadow of a likelihood the other way. If the Welsh knew harmony at all, it must have been of the rudest kind. It is also confidently asserted that they were acquainted with the chromatic scale, but with due deference, we have seen no authentic specimen of their earlier music which enables us to agree with that opinion. The *Llyr Ddparth*, which contained all the acknowledged principles of the art, in what the Welsh pretend to have been its most flourishing period, might have informed us in these matters; but unfortunately the MS. is lost.

From what we have adduced, which at first sight would appear a great deal, it may be gathered that to rise to the highest musical distinction required on the part of the aspiring bards a memory sufficiently retentive to know by heart a certain number of received *formulae*, and a fancy sufficiently lively to help its possessor to the composition of one *caniad*, or tune; or, if an executant, to play these *formulae* upon the harp, the only instrument highly esteemed by the bards, who consigned the pipe, the *crwth* (a small three-stringed harp), and the tabor, which they despised, to the minstrels and *uiffours*. In the history of bardic music we read a vast deal about keys, flats and sharps, &c., as well as about metres and measures (the measure was regarded as a corruption of the ancient metre); but if we are to credit Giraldus Cambrensis, secretary to Henry II., who wrote a Welsh itinerary, the bards only sang in one key—B flat—or at least they always began and ended in that key. Giraldus asserted that they did not sing in unison, like the musicians of other countries, but in parts. We agree with Dr. Burney, however, in doubting not merely the veracity of Giraldus, but his capability of judging. His own account bears absurdity on the face of it. He says (according to Edward Jones, author of the *Musical and Poetical Relics of the Welsh Bards*, and an enthusiastic advocate of Welsh music), "in a company of singers, as many different parts and voices are heard as there are performers, who all at length unite, with organic melody, in one consonance, and the soft sweetness of B flat." That there should be as many "voices" as performers depended, we presume, on the willingness and ability of the singers to make themselves audible; but that there should be as many "parts" is quite another affair. We are aware that Tallis, Bird, or Bull wrote a canon in 40 parts, as a trial of skill; but we never heard of any body of singers attempting to execute it, or any set of auditors desiring to hear it, as a trial of endurance. To write clearly in four parts requires the most profound acquaintance with the laws of counterpoint, and the highest facility in their application—while more than eight parts renders good harmony impossible, and only engenders chaos and confusion. We very much doubt whether the Welsh bards were a bit more skilled in part-writing than the Greeks, and we are quite sure that the zealous Giraldus was perfectly innocent of the matter. What he could discover "softer and sweeter" in B flat than in any other single note, moreover, we are at a loss to decide. It is a pity he did not attempt to explain his sensations more minutely.

One of the earliest and most famous Eisteddfods was that held by Rhys ab Grouffydd, Prince of South Wales, in 1177, at Cardigan, when, in a friendly contention, the poetical bards of the north, and the musical bards of the south, came out victorious. At this assembly the most extensive privileges and franchises were conferred upon the bards. Music seems to have attained its highest perfection, according to Welsh notions, in the course of the 12th century, and

by means of the Eisteddfod was preserved from degeneration until the death of the last Llewelyn, and the imputed massacre of the bards by Edward I. in 1270—an event commemorated by the poet Gray in one of his most celebrated pieces. From this period until the year 1400 no record of the Eisteddfod is extant. The bards appear to have devoted themselves particularly to heraldry; every rich and powerful chieftain had his own bard to apostrophize his pedigree in metre; and hence it is to be presumed the noted facility of the Welsh in tracing their descent to the remotest antiquity. The warlike deeds of the famous Owain Glyndwr gave a momentary revival to the spirit of bardism, and some poetry dedicated to that mystic hero, whose name has been made familiar in the mouths of men by Shakspeare, the bard of all countries, is still extant. But it was Henry VII., a Tudor, and a liberal patron of the bards, who revived the Eisteddfod, after a lengthened period of decay; and, on the 30th of July, 1523, Henry VIII. himself summoned the professors of poetry and music to an Eisteddfod held at Caerwys, in the county of Flint, "according to the old statute" (as the summons states) "of Gruffydd ab Cynan, Prince of Aberffraw." Again, after a long interval, Queen Elizabeth appointed commissioners to assemble an Eisteddfod, at the same place, in 1568, when Symmwnt Vychan was created the chief bard. The same commissioners summoned another in 1569. At these meetings the skilful bards were reinstated in their rights, and in the inclusive practice of their calling; the "not worthy" were commanded, on pain of being "apprehended and punished as vagabonds," to betake themselves "to some honest labor and livelihood." How would such a statute be received in these days, when bards of every nation and every degree exhibit their competency, or incompetency, "without let or hindrance?" It is probable that one or two further Eisteddfods were held in Elizabeth's reign, but the last Welsh harper of any celebrity, whose name we find recorded, was Twn Bach, of Glamorgan, who died in London in 1597. In the reign of George II., we read of one Powel, a Welsh harper, with whom the great composer Handel was so pleased that he wrote pieces for him, and introduced harp accompaniments, *obligato*, in some of his oratorios, expressly to make use of his talent. Can this Powel be the same as the Powell of whom we once had occasion to speak in a history of the Festivals of the Three Choirs of Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester? The last Royal summons for an Eisteddfod was that issued by Elizabeth, in 1569, from which period until 1798 the Congress of Bards was discontinued. In that year, however, some influential gentlemen of Wales, with considerable exertion, succeeded in reviving the time-honored celebration; an Eisteddfod was held at Caerwys, and premiums were allotted to the most skilful competitors. Since then the institution has been maintained, with few intervals, at the chief town of the Principality in rotation. About 36 years ago Mr. Parry, *Bard Alaw*, made the experiment at Denbigh of uniting some of the modern attractions of music with the ancient ceremony of the Eisteddfod. He was violently opposed by the exclusive Welsh party, and, of course, by the Welsh musicians, who preferred keeping the matter in their own hands. He effected his purpose, however, after some pains. Braham and Miss Stephens were among the singers, and a selection of sacred music was performed, in which those celebrated vocalists were assisted by a small orchestra and chorus. The innovation was warranted by complete success, and the only wonder is that Mr. Parry's example has not sooner led to great results.—*London Musical World*.

Cheap Music.

(From the London Orchestra.)

Among the many instances of cheap production within the last forty years, there is hardly any more conspicuous than that of printed music; it discloses, moreover, this peculiar feature, that whereas in most articles which have been greatly reduced in price, cheapness and inferiority are combined, in the supply of musical works the best and most classical are produced at the least cost. A Vocal Score of the "Messiah," which originally cost two guineas, can now be procured for a shilling; while the half-crown ballad of old is rarely marked at less than three or four shillings, and is actually sold to the public at half that price. The trashy productions in vogue in fashionable drawing-rooms are not materially cheapened; but the true lover of the art may indulge his taste at less than a tenth of the expenditure formerly necessary.

There are still we believe, one or two old publishing houses who rejoice in a limited clientele who pay the full marked price for the music they purchase; and the accounts of some few exclusive instructors

are swelled by the music supplied to their pupils being charged at the rate indicated on their title-pages; but, as a rule, no one now thinks of paying more than the "half-price," at which music used formerly to be supplied to professors alone. The commencement of this reduction dates from about the reign of our Sailor King, when those who wished to economize were accustomed to purchase "new music at half-price" of a publisher named Shade in Soho-square. Shade's publications were mostly non-copy-right, were incorrectly engraved, and badly printed; but he drove a thriving trade for some time. Shade's success brought another publisher into the field—a Mr. Walker—in the same locality. Mr. Walker was an educated man, and a man of taste: he was also an author, and his romance of "The Three Spaniards," as exciting as the most sensational novel of the present day, was a marvellous favorite in the old circulating libraries. Walker produced a much better article than Shade; more correctly engraved, and with better paper and printing. His chief success lay in books of airs from Italian operas, easily and effectively arranged by Diabelli and others. These would be looked upon as contemptible in the present day, but they suited the powers and tastes of the bulk of piano-forte-players of the time, and were the chief means—in the dearth of operatic barrel organs and music halls—by which Italian opera airs became known to the public.

In Sacred Music Mr. Vincent Novello, whose collections in that department were unrivalled in extent and variety, determined on abandoning the "half-price" system, and reduced the marked rate on the title-pages very considerably; the step was unpopular for a time with the professors, who found their profits reduced, while the increased sale amply compensated the publisher for what was practically but a very slight reduction to him. The public, however, were great gainers, though the title-pages were disfigured by indication of the "Reduced Price," a practice still in some cases continued by the present firm.

In a totally different direction a movement was progressing which has had the greatest influence in rendering cheap music available for the masses. Moveable types had been in use in England and Holland for music printing from the early part of the 16th century, but they were exceedingly ugly, and only available for the simplest kinds of vocal music. This method had been greatly improved on in Germany, and one or two of the German founts had been brought to England. The music in the early numbers of the celebrated "*Harmonicon*" was printed from one of these founts, which was subsequently entirely remodelled by Mr. Clowes and rendered more available for general use. Three important serial works printed from this fount were published at one time: the "*Messiah*," destined to inaugurate a complete edition of Handel's works, by Messrs. Jones & Co., of Finsbury Pavement; "*Sacred Minstrelsy*," by Parker; and "*The Musical Library*" by Charles Knight. Both the last-named were under the supervision of Mr. Ayrton, and contained excellent selections of music, but of a somewhat too fragmentary character. At that time, however, the class to whom these works appealed were by no means inclined for large doses of classical music; and it was perhaps due to the smallness of the excerpts that Beethoven, Spohr, Mendelssohn, Hummel and others were tolerated at all.

None of these three works achieved any permanent success. Handel's works reached only "*The Messiah*" and "*Acis and Galatea*," till some years afterwards, when Mr. Surman added "*Judas Maccabæus*," and commenced "*Samson*" and "*Joshua*," neither of which, however, got beyond the first number. The "*Sacred Minstrelsy*" reached only two volumes; and Mr. Knight's work came to an end after eight volumes—four instrumental and four vocal—had been published.

Shortly after this period, Mr. Davidson of Whitefrairs published at a very low rate sheet music printed from moveable types, with great success. Pains were taken to hit the public taste; and though not being confined to any particular school, and aiming merely at producing that which would sell, the undertaking was successful, and to this day his publications have a constant sale.

The circulation of these several works made known, however, the great advantage of using types instead of power plates where large numbers were required, and from that time the use of the former method has been continually increasing, enabling the production of standard compositions at a price ludicrously low as compared with that of the same works printed from engraved plates.

We have no space to chronicle the cheap publications of following years, and we therefore pass on to the present time. The large publishing houses have been always reluctant to cultivate cheapness; but Messrs. Boosey took a leap in the dark in the estab-

lishment of their "Musical Cabinet," and have no doubt been astonished at the happy result. It generally needs but a leader to take all the music publishers in the same direction, yet only Messrs. Chappell followed the example for a long time. Though Chappell's "Musical Magazine" has hardly been as successful as its elder contemporary, there can be no doubt that generally it has been a success. Both publications make quantity and bulk their chief ground of appeal to the public, a dangerous plan where occasional failure is possible; for in many cases the loss upon one number of their issue must hence have a very heavy drawback on the profits of others. The quantity of paper and printing in some of these works is enormous for the shilling which buys it; it has been quite needless, also, except for the purpose of excluding competitors. Another large publishing house, however, has now taken the field in the same cause; and Cramer and Co., having laid the public under heavy obligations by reducing the price of first-class pianofortes (of low-priced useless instruments there had long been a glut) appear to be in earnest in providing a supply of cheap music. Availing themselves of the type music and printing machine they have printed an edition of Cramer's "Pianoforte Tutor," at a tenth of its original cost, making it the first number of a thorough "Educational Course," which if carried out as begun—and some half dozen numbers are now before us—will be one of the best and most useful works of modern times. The singer is also to be provided for, as at half the price of Boosey and Chappell's works they have already produced their "Vocal Gems," of which more may be learned in our advertising and Review columns. And much more is promised in the same direction.

Of cheap Psalm and Hymn Books the name is legion; and one is bewildered at the choice offered, and astonished at the impossibility of finding a really good one. The two which now have the largest run are "Mercer" and "Hymns Ancient and Modern;" it would be difficult to find a worse Hymn book than the one, or a worse Tune book than the other. We fear there is no speedy hope of the want of a really good book being supplied.

There is much bearing on our subject to which we have not even alluded, including the excellent collections published under Mr. Hallah's auspices, and to much scattered part music, sacred and secular, in various forms. The cheap publications of the Tonic Sol-fa schools have also had great influence. We hope to return to the consideration of these and other matters on a future occasion. In the interim we may congratulate the musical public—and the public are now nearly all musical—on an amount of healthful and available pabulum, which renders them—unlike the unhappy City clerks—quite independent of any projected Cheap Feeding Company, and which promises to increase in quality in proportion as its price is lessened.

Dr. Louis Veron.

The world of catholic art and literature has lost a chief promoter of art in its widest and most various forms. So universal were the abilities of Dr. Louis Veron, the Frenchman who has just closed a long and eventful career, that he might have fallen under the sneer of detraction as a Jack-of-all-trades, but that undoubted talent silenced calumny itself. And then he was a Frenchman, and in France genius may be diffuse and many-sided. In sober truth Veron's capacities erred not by being limited. A physician, a quack advertiser, an opera manager, a keen politician; the keen foreseer of the success of Napoleonic schemes, the supporter of the *coup d'état*, the cast-off champion of the Emperor; a Voltairist and a gourmet, and the *cicerone* of Meyerbeer to the French public: what man's life will compass more opposite ends and aims than his? What man save a Frenchman, and among Frenchmen how few, could live thus for thirty years in the whirl of journals, opera houses, medicine and revolution, keep his head cool throughout, and retire with a modest fortune of £120,000? But Veron did this, and died universally respected, and—albeit once a pronounced disciple of Voltaire—in the odor of sanctity. His start was made by marrying the widow of a patent pill proprietor—the *pâte Regnault*: he then being a budding Esculapius. He had done nothing remarkable up to this, beyond writing a treatise on children's maladies and practising as a surgeon; his marriage with the apothecary's widow gave him the first start. On the patent pill he lavished those literary talents which afterwards secured his success in every undertaking: he puffed and pushed the *pâte* with invincible determination, and ended by making the drug and his own fortune. So much would have contented most *bourgeois*: not so Veron. He forsook medicine and went in for journalism; accepted an editorship and became a pol-

itician. He founded the *Revue de Paris*; joined the *Constitutionnel*; introduced Balzac to the world by giving his works first light in the columns of the *Revue*. What bold and brilliant service he did in this arcanum can scarcely be estimated: what warfare waged against bellicose journalists, what breathings of fire and flame against England, cannot be accurately determined, for much of Veron's writing was ephemeral—suited the time—and is gone. But France owes him a large debt for bringing out Balzac, and in after time, for introducing to the world Meyerbeer and Taglioni. Successful as he had been in medicine and literature, he succeeded equally well in the cares of theatrical management. It is in this capacity that he claims a special corner in the records of dramatic art. In 1831 he became manager of the French Opera, and the dash and brilliancy which had carried him through other speculations carried him through this. Auber is indebted to him, Rossini is indebted to him; he brought out Halévy's "Juive"; he produced the "Huguenots" and "Robert le Diable"; he organized "La Sylphide"; he patronized the rising young actress Rachel, and introduced the Elslers. Four years of these sagacious labors, and he wearied of operatic management, but not before he had left the name of a far-seeing man of art. Then, having increased his fortune, he entered the Assembly, and simultaneously took service under M. Thiers, in the *Constitutionnel*, and fought for the Opposition; but after the revolution his prophetic soul soon discerned the rising star—the embryo Emperor,—and he threw M. Thiers overboard and worked heart and soul for the approaching Empire. After his election Napoleon was ungrateful: Veron's services remained unrecognized, and in despair he abandoned politics, and threw himself with all a Frenchman's and a Veronesque impetuosity into gastronomy. He became a gourmet; cultivated cookery as he had once cultivated medicine and art; grew more solicitous of the fate of an *entremet* than of the destiny of Europe. His dinners were renowned, as might be expected from such a host with such a history; his dishes were irreproachable, his conversation and anecdotes were excellent. In this peaceful manner he continued till Saturday last, when, surrounded by friends and living only in the esteem of men, he received the last sacraments of the Church, and calmly died. His career was eminently that of a Frenchman—something too shifty for our respect, purists may say, and yet he never altogether failed in whatever he undertook. His slighty medical youth brought him a wife, the wife brought him a pill, the pill brought him money, the money brought him opportunity for the exercise of a talent, versatile perhaps, but concentrated enough to do as much in a few years as other men achieve in a life. Each step was a rung in the ladder which led to enviable notoriety if not to fame itself; and if we estimate Veron's life by the service he performed to universal art, we shall find that it achieved results which can never be obliterated.—*Orchestra.*

[From Once a Week.]

Charles Gounod.

Whilst the gracious love-music of "Romeo e Giulietta" is still fresh in the public mind, our readers may welcome a sketch of the life of its composer—a musician by whom celebrity has been achieved in the face of many discouragements, and who, in his treatment of the conceptions of Shakespeare, has been no less happy than in dealing with the masterpiece of Goethe. Charles François Gounod was born in Paris, June 17, 1818. He studied counterpoint at the Conservatoire, under Halévy, the talented author of "La Juive," and received instruction in practical composition, first from Lesueur, and afterwards from Paër. In 1837 he carried off a second prize at the "concours" of the Institute; and in 1839 obtained the first premium for his cantata "Fernand." Being chosen, in consequence of his success, government exhibitor, he proceeded to Rome and devoted himself to a careful study of ecclesiastical music. In 1843 Gounod visited Vienna, and had performed, in the Church of St. Paul, a mass in the style of Palestrina, for voices alone. Returning to Paris, he was appointed musical director at the church of the Missions Étrangères, adopted the monastic garb, and, until 1851, remained in comparative obscurity, it having been announced that he had taken holy orders. But presently there appeared in the *Athenæum* a paper, which was then attributed to M. Viardot, the author of some esteemed works on art subjects, containing a notice of a concert given at St. Martin's Hall, and the production of four compositions by an obscure author named Gounod. The writer stated that the music reminded him of no other composer, ancient or modern, either by its form, its melody, or

its harmony; that it was not new, if by such a term was meant eccentric or strange, and not old in the sense of dry and stiff; but that it was the work of an accomplished artist, and the poetry of a new poet. He then proceeded to remark that an evident and real impression had been produced upon the audience; but that it was from the music itself, and not from the reception accorded to it, that he felt justified in predicting for its author a far from common career. The paper from which the above is quoted was inserted in the *Gazette Musicale de Paris*, January 26, 1851, and aroused the more curiosity as M. Gounod's "Sappho," his first attempt at dramatic composition, was then in rehearsal, and soon to be produced at the Opera. On April 16 of the same year it was performed for the first time; but its success was not equal to that anticipated for it by the composer's friends, since, in addition to a faulty libretto, it labored under an incoherence of ideas, an excess of recitative, a persistent avoidance of conventional forms, an inexperience of stage effect, and a want of periodicity of phrases in the score. In plain language, "Sappho" was a failure; but the poetic spirit pervading nearly the entire work, and at times asserting itself in brilliant flashes, convinced competent critics that M. Gounod might safely reckon upon ultimate success. In 1852 some choruses, written for "Ulysses," a tragedy by M. Ponsard, were represented at the Theatre Français. They were also performed in London about a year ago for the benefit of the University College Hospital. The composer aimed at catching the antique character, either by means of the rhythm or by unusual modulations; but the music, though talented, was monotonous; and the chorus "Servantes infidèles" was the only one by which any decided impression was made in London or Paris.

In "La Nonne Sanglante," a grand opera produced for the first time on 18th October, 1854, it was apparent that M. Gounod had made steady advances as a dramatic composer, especially in respect to arrangement of ideas and instrumental coloring. But the music was unequal, and in parts decidedly weak. The features of interest comprised a duet in the first act, nearly the whole of the second act, and an air and duet in the third act. "La Nonne Sanglante," still performed at rare intervals, was succeeded by an attempt at comic music in a setting of Molière's "Le Médecin malgré lui," produced at the Theatre Lyrique in 1858, and in 1864 at Covent Garden. The score contains an ingeniously constructed tenor air at the commencement of the first act, an effective chorus of wood-cutters, an original and genuinely humorous song for the Nurse, some highly meritorious concerted passages, and a not wholly satisfactory overture. The instrumentation is charming throughout; but the finales are weakly constructed, and an affectation of antiquated forms impedes the flow of genial and expressive melody. More than once do we meet a foreshadowing of the love-music in "Faust;" and were the comedy more amenable to operatic treatment, "Le Médecin malgré lui," termed in England "The Mock Doctor," might have achieved a greater measure of success than it enjoyed.

On the 19th March, 1859, "Faust" was produced at the Theatre-Lyrique in Paris, but by no means with the success to which its merits entitled it. The French public seems slow to appreciate art in its higher phases, and the verdict of Germany was required before Gounod's masterpiece could be accorded a genuine welcome.

"Philémon et Baucis," a three-act opera, performed for the first time at the Theatre Lyrique on the 18th February, 1860, comprises a delicious overture, a chorus of Bacchantes, frequently performed at the late Mr. Alfred Mellon's promenade concerts, and a few other agreeable *morceaux*, less generally known; but the subject of the drama is unsatisfactory, and real inspiration is less apparent in this work than in most others from the same pen.

"La Reine de Saba," a grand opera with a hopeless libretto, has never succeeded anywhere. It contains many salient features of interest, and, as regards pure musical merit, it is by some deemed superior to "Faust." It has occasionally been presented in a modified form at the Crystal Palace, but without scenery or costumes, and under the title of "Irene." It includes a magnificent march and *cortège*, some ingeniously instrumented ballet music, and one or two effective choruses. As a whole, however, it is deficient in variety, a fault chiefly referable to the character of the drama.

In 1864 "Mirella," an Italian version of the French "Mireille," elaborated by M. Michel Carré from the pastoral "Mireio," was produced with partial success at Her Majesty's Theatre. The music, though admired by the critics, never became popular; and the libretto, which was in five straggling acts, and more of an idyl than a play, proved insufferably tedious.

In Paris "Mireille" was afterwards compressed, and brought out with some success in a three-act form; but it has been a stranger to London since the season of its first performance.

M. Gounod, as we have already stated, originally gave his attention to church music, a style of composition that he has turned to account largely in "Romeo e Giulietta" and "Faust," and more sparingly in "Mireille." He is the author of masses, psalms, and motets for a single or double chorus, for voices alone, or combined with the orchestra. The grand mass of St. Cecilia has established its claims as a favorite both in London and the provinces, selections with organ and harp accompaniment being given periodically at one of the fashionable west-end churches. "Tobias," a "sacred drama," a setting of the psalm "By the waters of Babylon," and some minor pieces, were performed for the first time in England a little less than a year ago, but without creating any favorable impression.

In his dramatic compositions, the author of "Faust" exhibits considerable variety, rich and luminous orchestration, novel and refined harmonies, powerful choral effects and a remarkable spirit of poetry. His recitative is usually expressive; but he fails as regards breadth, force, and dramatic intensity. His melody is abundant, but seldom strikingly original; conventional forms are to a certain extent disregarded; and there is an evident distaste for the elaborate finales affected by writers of the Rossinian school. In "Romeo e Giulietta" appears the adoption of a theory indicated in "Faust" and "La Reine de Saba," and exhibited with no very pleasing results in the "Lohengrin" and "Tristan und Isolde" of Richard Wagner. The ideal of the drama of the future is the subordination of music and the other arts to poetry, a doctrine ably illustrated in the second and fifth acts of M. Gounod's latest opera.

It may be added, in conclusion, that the subject of our sketch married one of the daughters of the late M. Zimmerman. In 1852 he became manager of the "Orphéon," a choral *réunion* of the Communal Musical Schools in Paris; but in 1860 he resigned his post to devote himself exclusively to composition. A new comic opera, promised by him a year or two ago, has not yet been completed; and it is a matter as much of regret as of satisfaction to learn that M. Gounod should now be expending his energies on a musical drama constructed on so unpromising a theme as that of "Francesca di Rimini."

ARTHUR OGILVY.

A Musical Wanderer.*

Every one who has travelled during the last forty years through the beautiful country of Thuringia must certainly have met with an old man, who belonged, so to speak, to the characteristic figures of the landscape. Many persons may not so much as have heard his name, but merely have carried away with them the recollection of an individual somewhat deranged in mind; others, however, may have made themselves acquainted with the history of "the old *Capellmeister*," as he was always familiarly called. One thing is very certain: the old man led a restless wandering life, and was everywhere to be found, and everywhere at home throughout the length and breadth of Thuringia. In figure he was thin, of middle height, and bent a little forward. Plainly, nay, poorly clad, he went about carrying under his arm a paper parcel, which contained music for sale. His high, broad forehead, and noble features, however, stamped him as no ordinary man, but a closer examination discovered that mysterious contraction and expansion of the eyebrows said to be a sure sign of previous or present mental derangement, and peculiar to many unhappily so afflicted. He himself would naturally never admit anything of the sort, and if, through ignorance or carelessness he was ever reminded of it, his blue eyes flashed in a truly wondrous manner. For forty years the old man wandered uninterruptedly about Thuringia, besides undertaking long and romantic journeys elsewhere. It is not astonishing that, in the course of so long a period, such a striking personage should become, as it were, an indispensable part of the landscape. Any one fortunate enough to hear the strange old man—who had offered him, perhaps, not long before, a piece of music for a few groschens—playing the piano, or the organ, could not help feeling that it was an instance of no ordinary genius hopelessly ruined. Such, indeed, was the case. In his younger years, in the full strength of youth, Louis Böhner, for he it was who was the old *Capellmeister*, ranked among the most remarkable professors of the musical art, and was the object of great expectations.

Töttelstadt, in the duchy of Gotha, where he was born on the 8th January, 1787, was his principal res-

idence during the forty years of his restless wanderings in Thuringia. His first musical studies were pursued under his father, an organist and parish chanter, and his talent for composition soon manifested itself. His attention was directed mostly to the scores of Bach, Fuchs, Kimberger, Frescobaldi, etc., while Haydn and Mozart kept alive and imparted fresh energy to his musical enthusiasm. It was not, however, till he went to Erfurt, in his thirteenth year, to attend the Gymnasium, that he followed any regular plan in his musical studies. Soon after he did so, his decided vocation for music was plainly revealed. The most brilliant star in the musical firmament of Thuringia was, at that time, Louis Spohr in Gotha, whither Böhner removed, in order to perfect himself under Spohr's direction. Spohr took a great liking to him, even procuring him the opportunity of appearing as pianist at the Court of Gotha, and very soon the young man had plenty to do as a music-master. In the year 1808 he went to Jena, where he remained two years. But he was then seized with his travelling mania, and after visiting his relatives, he set out, in the spring of 1810, upon his pilgrimage. He gave concerts in various large towns. At Nuremberg especially, he achieved a more than usually triumphant success. He intended to proceed to Vienna, but his plans were frustrated. His passport had not been visé by the Austrian Ambassador at Dresden, so, being obliged to turn back at Linz, he returned to Nuremberg. He was received with open arms by the friends his art had procured him, and speedily felt quite at home. He remained in this town six years, during which he resided, free from care, at the house of a friend endowed with a taste for art, composing and playing in public very industriously, while his reputation continued to extend more and more. His works met with the most decided approbation, and were taken up by the leading publishers, such as Breitkopf and Härtel, Hofmeister, etc.

Whether it was that the deaths of his grandfather and grandmother, of his father and mother, and of several of his brothers and sisters, which took place in rapid succession, proved too violent a shock for him, or whether bitter experience and events of another description obscured the entire range of his intellectual horizon,—one thing is certain: his fine artistic spirit began even then giving proofs of momentary derangement. The artist so highly esteemed by every one frequently fell into strange moods, which often degenerated into absolute delusions. It cannot surprise us that, under such demoniacal influence, he soon found it impossible to remain longer by his friend's hospitable hearth, but felt driven out into the wide world. Henceforth he never more found repose. At that period, by the way, the Fury of War brandished her torch over half Europe, and rendered a professional tour almost impossible. We see him there hastening in his flight, without stopping long anywhere, through Wurtemberg, Baden, Alsacia, and Switzerland, giving concerts only now and then in the larger towns. At length, through Wurtemberg and Bavaria, he again reached Leipzig, where he made a long rest. His concerts at the Gewandhaus excited universal interest, and such men as Rochlitz and Gottfried Weber entertained the kindest feelings towards the genial musician. Böhner gained, also, great honor and considerable sums of money by short trips to Weimar and Gotha, performing at the Courts of both places. In spite of all this, however, his hours of gloom returned only too often, and to the overclouding of his soul was added in Leipzig a gonty affection which for years caused the poor fellow most acute sufferings in the head. He soon felt that he could not remain in Leipzig, but must a second time go forth to seek an unknown and uncertain future.

He proceeded, in 1818, by the way of Frankfort, to the Rhine and conceived the bold notion of making, as virtuoso, a tour beyond the boundaries of Germany. It seemed as though, by this notion, Fate wished to open for him the door to happiness, to the friendly and flower-wreathed harbors of Life, but his Evil Demon would not permit it. Böhner first directed his steps to Hamburg. Here, as well as in Bremen and Oldenburg, whither he made some few trips, he met with tremendous success, the ladies especially exhibiting great enthusiasm for him and his genial performances. The wealthy lovers of art in Hamburg patronized him most warmly, and, in consequence of the reputation which preceded him thence, he met with a brilliant welcome the following year in Copenhagen. He now mounted, at one bound, to the pinnacle of fame and fortune. He resided at Court, and was the King's guest. It is to the influence of his Evil Demon alone that we must attribute the fact of his throwing up all this, and of his returning home, poor as a church mouse, in the most reduced circumstances. All Copenhagen, par-

ticularly the female world, had paid him the homage of unanimous approbation; he made a brilliant income and lived like a nobleman. But he suddenly tore himself away; set out on foot without bag or baggage; and for a long time wandered about on the high roads or in the forests. At length he returned to Copenhagen, and embarked for Rostock. Thence he walked to Schwerin, and from Schwerin to Hamburg. Never could he find rest; nay, he did not even dare to enter a house, but every day walked fifteen leagues or more. Without stopping anywhere he pursued his romantic way through Hanover, Hildesheim, and Nordhausen to Gotha, and the reader may conceive his condition on reaching that town. His luggage, which included several valuable manuscripts, was never forwarded him, though he asserted he had sent it off by the post from Copenhagen. How fearful his journey must have been may be inferred from the fact that once in the neighborhood of Hamburg he was nearly swallowed up in a swamp, having entirely lost his way in a wood, so dark was the night.

From this time he settled in his native town of Töttelstadt, if, indeed, "settled" is the correct term, for it was now that his restless wanderings up and down Thuringia began, wanderings which lasted, almost without interruption, from the year 1820 to the year 1860, the year of his death, and caused him soon to be known to both old and young as "the old *Capellmeister*." There are numerous episodes and anecdotes related of him during this period. It is evident from many of them that he suffered more or less from delusions, but in many of them there speaks the highly gifted artist, who, in his endless and magnificent extemporizings on the piano could utterly forget himself and all around to dive down beneath the waves of tone. "Full of magic charm," says his poetical friend, Müller von der Werra, "were his chains of fanciful ideas, from which he frequently could not tear himself, sitting for days and sometimes whole nights and playing uninterruptedly on the piano. Had he not worn the clothes of a beggar, he might have been mistaken for some supernatural being."

For forty years, that is up to 1860, did he wander thus restlessly about. At the beginning of 1860 (on the 28th of March), he died rather suddenly in Gotha, in consequence of a severe cold caught on one of his peregrinations which he had been induced by a strange whim to undertake. His friend, L. Storch, the well-known poet, had published a sketch of him in the *Gartenlaube*. Böhner felt deeply offended because the occasional fits of mental derangement to which he was subject had been too plainly hinted at by his friend. He determined to go to Leipzig for the purpose of persuading the editor of the periodical in question to print another biography. All the arguments of his friends at Gotha were unavailing to divert him from his project. He started, but got no farther than Erfurt, whence he was obliged to return to Gotha. After keeping his bed for a short time, he expired, to find in death that repose which he had vainly sought in life.

His compositions are numerous; they all breathe the pleasing, light spirit of his great model, Mozart. Numerous, too, are, probably, his unpublished smaller productions, which he sold in manuscript during his wanderings. At any rate, many of his small songs have been vocally preserved by the lower classes in Thuringia, and it is said that many a melody entitled a Thuringian folk-song is due to him. We will remind our readers only of the universally known "Ach, wie ist's möglich dann," etc. It would, perhaps, be a difficult task to determine what foundation there is for the report that C. M. von Weber borrowed some of the finest melodies in *Der Freischütz* (even the "Bridal Chorus" for instance) from Thuringian folk-songs emanating from Böhner. Though the rich genius of a man like Weber did not require to borrow from any one, still that does not say that strange strains of a national character might not have retained a firm possession of his ear, and, remodelled in his own mind, have been reproduced at the proper time. Böhner himself is stated to have expressed similar sentiments on this subject. Many of his orchestral compositions deserve to be rescued from oblivion; they are very far superior to the mediocre productions with which the managers of our exceedingly numerous Garden Concerts are accustomed to overwhelm us.

CARL SENTZ is giving a series of orchestral *matinées* in Philadelphia. The orchestra is large, trained and well handled. The performance is usually made up of symphonies by Beethoven, Mozart and Haydn, though Wagner sometimes finds a place.

Mendelssohn's Reformation symphony is to be revived in London.

* From the *Neue Berliner Music-Zeitung*.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 26, 1867.

Bach's "Magnificat," described by Robert Franz.

(Concluded).

V.

12. With the "*Sicut locutus est*" Mary's song of praise is properly ended. But for a more definite rounding off of the *Magnificat*, the verse: "*Gloria Patri, gloria Filio, gloria Spiritui Sancto Sicut erat in principio, et nunc, et semper, et in secula seculorum, Amen.*" is added, once more summing up the whole in a grand, broad feeling.

This concluding piece is divided in its outward structure into two main parts, the first taking the words "*Gloria Patri*," &c., and the second the "*Sicut erat in principio*, (As it was in the beginning), &c. The five chorus parts, accompanied by the orchestra, with the exception of the trumpets and drums, which only come in at the "*gloria spiritui Sancto*, and the organ, break out at first in a short, energetic exclamation: "*Gloria!*" Thereupon the Organ, *tasto solo*, holds out the deep A as organ-point, upon which now an unprecedented tone-picture builds itself up. The Bass, followed by the other voice parts at intervals of half a measure, unrolls without further accompaniment a strongly soaring triplet figure, which, after traversing three bars, plunges into the "*gloria Patri*," flashing as with super-earthly splendor, when the orchestra again falls in with all its might, resuming that loud exclamation. These sweeping onsets are repeated on the organ-point E, only reversing the order in which the voices enter, to the "*gloria Filio*," and then again upon the organ-point B, but with a new motive, to the "*gloria Spiritui sancto*."—The voices in the eager rush of their ascent to the triune God seem to tumble over one another, until the need of community again unites them upon far-resounding *five-six* chords; they seem to wish to take heaven by storm, but to sink upon their knees, not crushed, but jubilant, before the eternal splendor. And here right clearly Music shows the power peculiar to itself alone, of representing highest transcendental moods in full reality; the expressive faculty of other arts is very far from reaching it in this direction.

After this introduction follows the second half of the chorus, with the words: "*Sicut erat in principio, et nunc, et semper et in secula seculorum, Amen.*" Bach here turns back to the opening number of the work, letting its leading motive float before us once more in a condensed form. The satisfactory rounding off thus given to the whole work is worthily in keeping with the preceding traits of perfect beauty.

Having thus subjected each single number of the *Magnificat* to a special examination, with attempt to show its high worth, it now remains to us to consider the work as a whole. The fuller the discussion has been thus far, the shorter we can afford to make it now.

Each one of Bach's works shows the most consistent and decided mood, one thought, one tone of feeling running through the whole. To our time, pre-occupied so greatly by particulars, it is almost incomprehensible how the old masters,

with all their love of detail, knew how to keep the eye always clear and free, so as never to neglect for that the general fundamental relations and their harmonious connection. Their artistic feeling was altogether unitary—a pure, transparent atmosphere spreads itself unclouded over their works; a uniform light, the reflection of the artist's own calm soul, pervades the world, with all its images, of their creation. Nowhere do you perceive aught that is accidental or superfluous; on the contrary each one thing so necessarily conditions every other, that all seems to have sprung as from a common central point. Our *Magnificat* confirms this observation. In all the variety that it affords in single parts, in the most violent contrasts that oppose each other, in spite of the ever growing climax, there still reigns in the whole a childlike *naivete*, which solves all difficulties as if in play and in complete unconsciousness dares to attempt the highest and achieves it. Bach was really a *whole* man, whose inner life could tolerate no contradictions; as in the detail of his music kindred elements shoot together as it were, and crystallize, rejecting everything extraneous, so instinctively with him the larger relations unite in one whole, which suffers nothing unharmonious to have part in it.

Before such manifestations all criticism ceases; it can only yield itself, a modest listener and observer, to the wonderful achievements of the Master; if it can exercise its negative attributes but sparingly on such works, it may interest itself in them all the more positively for that. In this sense we permit ourselves a few passing remarks.

In form the *Magnificat* is distinguished from many other church works of Bach by the particularly concise, short form both of the choruses and solo songs. The latter, especially, show a great precision of contour: if the ground form of the *Aria*, the trine division, is perceptible, still it appears rather indicated than actually worked out. This was partly conditioned by the text, which in the single verses offers but little of antithesis; partly by the general course of the work, which in its very nature moves on swiftly and decidedly.—In the same way the choruses, perhaps with the exception of the first, are kept very condensed and compact, and give most valid proof of what self-limitation Bach was capable upon occasion.

The treatment of the vocal parts must be called in general very happy and successful. Nowhere is the singer obliged to make use of the unusual registers of his organ; he can preserve its strength and freshness to the end. The melodies are for the most part easy to take up, always impressive, and thus facilitate an expressive rendering.

The orchestra, likewise, offers no especial difficulties: with the exception of the trumpets, of which to be sure things are expected which our modern *technique* can no more accomplish, all is convenient of execution.

Accordingly, so far as the work itself is concerned, the way is made smooth for bringing it fitly before the world: and we trust that it has only needed these hints to help secure it this its good right. It is certainly high time to work against the whole superficiality of taste by the revival of this and similar creations of the older Art. The performance of the *Matthew Passion* through Mendelssohn was an epoch-making act,

which woke to new life the darling child of the Bach Muse lying in the stiff sleep of death: may such deeds soon be done, and in great number, with regard to similar works of the Master! A work of Art first gains its true significance when it can actually exercise before all the world the power which the artist has lent to it: he has done his duty, now let those, who call themselves his followers, do theirs! The public can only be the gainer by such efforts. * * *

Symphony Concerts.

The feasts of great orchestral music soon come round again. The Concerts of the Harvard Musical Association, which have won so good a name by keeping up to their mark so truly for two winters past, begin again on Thursday afternoon, Nov. 7, with a larger subscription than before already secured and with prospect of a very interesting season. The programme of the opening Concert, partly by design, and partly as a short way out of unexpected difficulties in making up a programme, on account of disappointments in the hope of solo artists, will be an experiment. For once it is proposed to give a regular Berlin programme, after the model of the *Symphony Soirées* of the Royal Orchestra, which for many years have invariably consisted of two Symphonies and two Overtures,—nothing else. In this case, however, the strain of constant listening to full orchestra (imaginary to a great extent) will be relieved by a choice vocal solo between each Overture and Symphony. Whether such a selection can prove enjoyable to a whole audience depends entirely upon what Symphonies and Overtures are played. They must not be too long, nor "heavy" (in respect of poetry, meaning, beauty), and they must be well contrasted. These conditions, we think, are answered in the selection of this programme:

PART I.

Dedication Overture, (*Die Weihe des Hauses*,) op. 124. Beethoven.
Tenor Aria from the "*Seraglio*,"..... Mozart.
Symphony in C ("*Jupiter*,").....

PART II.

Overture: "*In the Highlands*,"..... Gade.
Songs..... Schubert.
"Scotch" Symphony..... Mendelssohn.

Here the music of the first part is of the older classical period, in its highest bloom; while that of the second is modern and romantic, in its way also of the best. Both Symphonies have long been popular and always taking with a Boston audience; each is full of life, variety and sparkle in itself; for a good Symphony is not merely one long piece, it is a well contrived variety of pieces which relieve one another by contrast of rhythm, mood of feeling, color and whole character:—so much so that a Symphony is in itself the best type of a true programme. It is mere fancy, therefore, when people talk of the monotony of listening to a good Symphony! Besides, a Concerto is in form and length and genius (when it has any) a Symphony; and it is just in place of the usual piano or violin Concerto that we now put the second Symphony; the only difference being that there is not the *extra-musical*, personal interest about one artist brought virtuoso-like into the foreground.

All of the four pieces are new to these Concerts, and the two Overtures are wholly new to a Boston audience. That by Beethoven, written for the opening of a theatre in Vienna, is exceedingly grand, broad, solemn, almost churchlike

in the beginning, with prominent passages for the four horns, the bassoons, the clarinets, &c., taxing the full powers of the orchestra, which work themselves up by degrees into an uncontrollable enthusiasm, that finds vent in a rapid finale with a vigorous, quaint Handelian sort of theme, that is wrought up contrapuntally together with a second theme. It cannot fail to excite and please. And it may be interesting to compare this ending of the Beethoven Overture with the famous fugue Finale with four subjects in the Mozart Symphony which follows.

The Gade Overture: "Im Hochland," is a short, delicious, perfectly characteristic and poetic tone-picture,—one of his most genial and happy works; no better prelude could there be, we fancy, to the Scotch Symphony of Mendelssohn.—As for the vocal pieces, the "Costanza" aria from the "Entführung aus dem Serail," is both in song and orchestral accompaniment about the loveliest and noblest of all Mozart's tenor songs, and we believe the person has been found to sing it as it should be sung.

Should this experiment of the two Symphonies take well with the audience, it will afford a capital resource whenever a nice plan of programme is upset, over and over again sometimes, by capricious uncertainty of the solo element; and this would allow us to hear so many more good Symphonies in the course of the winter; especially would it furnish the long desired opportunity of hearing more of the light and cheerful ones of Father Haydn; one of these would always give good appetite for a Beethoven or one of the more modern.

The matter of the rest of the eight concerts is not yet all determined. Of Symphonies we shall probably have (and perhaps in the order named, unless there should be two again in one concert) the No. 4, in B flat, of Beethoven; one by Haydn; the D minor again of Schumann; the great one in C by Schubert; another one (in B flat) by Gade; the first (in B flat) by Schumann; and finally the Choral Symphony of Beethoven, which cost too much pains and made too deep an impression last year to leave any excuse for letting such an experience lie unimproved.

New in the list of Overtures will be Cherubini's to *Medea*, and perhaps some others. CAMILLA URSO—is bespoke for Beethoven's Violin Concerto, which she will no doubt render in as exquisite a style of art as she did that of Mendelssohn. Mr. LEONHARD will play Chopin's E-minor Concerto; Mr. LANG, the first of the five Beethoven Concertos, the only one that we have not yet heard; Mozart's Concerto for two pianos will be contributed by Messrs. PARKER and LANG; and there is hope that we shall hear again the great E-flat Concerto of Beethoven, that by Schumann, &c., for we have other masterly interpreters who know these concerts cannot spare them. Mrs. CARY, too, will give us some more of the sincere, deep melody of Bach and others; and other singers will be announced from time to time; for it is proposed this time to keep the piano-playing within more moderate limits, one piece only in a programme, and that of course with orchestra, and to call in the voice more often, if the fine voice, when found, prove not too coy.

Mr. ZERRAHN is earnestly schooling his Orchestra, which will soon be larger and stronger than ever before. Certainly the wind depart-

ment is materially improved, and the strings will be at least as many and as good as before, and are likely to gain in number and quality as the concerts go on. We shall greatly miss the Quintette Club, to be sure; but they will resume their places ere long; if not, means will be found to make their places good, even if the Association have to "call spirits from the vasty deep."

Meanwhile, large as the subscription has been, there are plenty of good seats left; and every one now taken goes so far toward building up the orchestra into the full strength and proportions which Beethoven and the Music Hall demand.

Concerts.

BOSTON CONSERVATORY. The Teachers of this thriving young institution gave their pupils and friends a musical treat, on Wednesday afternoon, Oct. 16, at the Tremont Temple. Mr. THAYER opened with the smaller Bach Fugue in G minor on the Organ, which did not sound as if in very good condition,—at least to ears accustomed to the Organ of the Music Hall. Three movements from Schubert's wonderful E-flat Trio, op. 100, were excellently well played by Messrs. EICHBERG, A. SUCK and LEONHARD, giving to true music lovers all the pleasure that such music could in so large a room. Mendelssohn's "Zuleika" and Schubert's "Posthorn" were sung in sweet, clear voice, with good conception, but timidly, by Miss POLAND. Next came a sentimental cornet solo, (*Salve Maria*, by Mercadante), skillfully played, with excellent tone, by Mr. ARBUCKLE, well accompanied on the piano by Mr. SHARLAND. Messrs. Eichberg and Leonard followed with the *Adagio Cantabile* and *Scherzo* from Beethoven's Violin and Piano Sonata in C minor, op. 30, No. 2. Mr. KREISSMANN sang the tender *Aria graziosa* of Pylades in Gluck's *Iphigenia in Tauris*, and, returning after some grotesque Organ variations on "Old Hundred," Schumann's impassioned "*Du meine Seele*," instead of "Songs" (as set down on the bill) by "Franz." The whole ended with Mr. Eichberg's *Ave Maria*, for violin, piano, cabinet organ and 'cello, played by himself, Messrs. Dow, Thayer and Suck. Mr. Kreissmann's song pledges may well have been disorganized by the intervention of these Variations! And indeed all the classical pieces, always welcome to musical souls, suffered by intermingling with such things as that and cornet solos. That the taste of the crowd, so fresh and pleasant to look upon, was very juvenile and unripe, was plain from the fact that the only *encores* were awakened by the cornet and the pedal hurry-scurry on the Organ. With a little easy modification it would have been a nice concert.

MR. PECK'S "GRAND SACRED CONCERT," last Sunday evening, drew a large audience to the Music Hall, which has been so long under his faithful superintendence. There were not a few good things in the Concert, and some that would have been good by any name but "sacred." Sig. FERRANTI, frank, genuine Buffo that he is, pretending to nothing else, must have had an awkward sense of being in a queer position. But it is not so much the fault of the singers or the concert-givers, that all the concerts on a Sunday have to make believe "sacred;" it is the fault of the Law, or rather of the sustainers of the law, of the strict Sabbatarianism which a part of a free people insist upon imposing upon the whole, who may be as religious, as virtuous and as wise as themselves for aught they know or have any right to assume. Certainly it is a tyrannical invasion of the rights of Art, which, to have life and truth, must first of all be free, and which, better than many of the Churches, knows how to use without abusing free-

dom. Is the experience of old Europe, then, so little worth in comparison with ours? And dare we pretend that all the genuine pervading piety of a people is on our side of the Ocean? Our common people may be more enterprising, more educated, more church-going, but are they better than the Germans, who spend their Sundays cheerfully, like grateful children of the Father? Can there not be airs from Heaven, quickening truth, in a Symphony, an Opera, and can there not be blighting frost in services and sermons? It is at least worth thinking of.

Well, Sig. Ferranti is delightful to hear, where there is no profession of seriousness. As it was he exchanged the Rossini "*Don Magnifico*" for the Mozart "*Non più andrai*," as if that were a whit more sacred! He also sang Mattei's "Fisherman." While we are upon the men, we may as well say what a pure Italian-like ring there is to Mr. HALL's noble bass, and with what power and grace he sang the "*Pro peccatis*." Mr. MACDONALD, too, won favor by his clear, firm tenor in the air from *Elijah*; his singing gives good promise, though maturity of style is yet a good way off.

CARL ROSA seemed as popular as ever. He has gained in purity and sweetness of tone since he was here last, and played the "*Trille du diable*" of Tartini very beautifully; as well as the Andante Variations of the "Kreutzer Sonata" with Mr. LANG; the performance was highly enjoyable on both parts. The "Mouth Harmonica" playing of Professor WALLACH was truly a great curiosity, the tones exquisite.

But the chief feature of the concert was Mrs. KEMPTON's singing. Her rich contralto has lost some of its freshness while she has been abroad; but she has won instead that which is even better, a sound, ripe, noble style. Truly we have not heard "He was despised" sung with such chaste, artistic beauty, such simple yet sufficing expression, such absence of forced pathos, for a long time; she let the music tell its story in its own way, and that is far the higher kind of art, compared to what is called pathos on the operatic stage. Mrs. SMITH sang "Show me thy ways," by Torrente, and the "*Quis est homo*" with Mrs. Kempton, with clear, telling voice and easy execution, though a little coldly. And we were much pleased with Miss BARTON's voice, style and feeling in the English song "Ruth and Naomi."

NEW YORK.—The Philharmonic Society announces the larger features of its programme for the five concerts of the season. The orchestra, it is said, will be increased to one hundred active members. Here is the list:

Nov. 16:—Symphony, "Pastorale," by Beethoven; Overture, "Manfred," Schumann; Poem Symphonique, "Mazeppa," Liszt.

Dec. 21:—Symphony in C, Schubert; Overture, "Othello" (first time), Ritter; Overture, "Calm at Sea and Happy Voyage," Mendelssohn.

Feb. 1:—Overture, "Jessonda," by Spohr; Choral Symphony, No. 9, Beethoven.

March 7:—Symphony No. 1, in G minor, Mozart; Introduction to "Lohengrin," Wagner; Symphony in A major, Mendelssohn.

April 18:—Symphony No. 1, in B flat, Schumann; Poem Symphonique, "Héroïde Funèbre" (first time), Liszt; Overture, "Freischütz," Weber.

NEW ORGAN, for the Westminster Presbyterian Church, Elizabeth, N. J. The Messrs. HOOK have just completed an instrument for this church, which is so remarkably successful as to be worthy of a more than passing notice. For several days it was exhibited at their factory to admiring visitors by our leading organists and won the highest praise from both performers and audience. On Tuesday, the 14th inst., its many fine and admirable qualities were ably displayed through a very wide range of style by Messrs. J. K. Paine, S. P. Tuckerman and J. H. Willcox, of Boston.

The organ is enclosed in an elegant and imposing case of black walnut of much originality and beauty of design, displaying richly, yet delicately decorated front pipes of sixteen feet, and contains the following registers, pipes and appliances.

GREAT MANUAL.		SWELL MANUAL.	
No.	Pipes.	No.	Pipes.
1	16 ft. Open Diapason, 58	1	16 ft. Bourdon (divided) 58
2	8 " Open Diapason, 58	2	8 " Open Diapason, 58
3	8 " Doppel Flöte, 58	3	8 " Stop Diapason, 58
4	8 " Viola di Gamba, 58	4	8 " Salicional, 58
5	4 " Octave, 58	5	4 " Octave, 58
6	4 " Flute Harmonique, 58	6	4 " Violina, 58
7	2 " Twelfth, 58	7	4 " Flauto Traverso, 58
8	2 " Fifteenth, 58	8	2 " Piccolo, 58
9	3 Rank Mixture, 174	9	3 Rank Mixture, 174
10	8 " Scharff, 174	10	8 ft. Cornopean, 58
11	8 ft. Trumpet, 58	11	8 " Oboe and Bassoon, 58
12	4 " Clarion, 58		

SOLO MANUAL.		PEDALE.	
No.	Pipes.	No.	Pipes.
1	8 ft. Geigen Principal, 58	5	4 ft. Octave, 58
2	8 " Dulciana, 58	6	4 " Flute d'Amour, 58
3	8 " Melodia, 46	7	2 " Piccolo, 58
4	8 " Stop'd Diapason, div. 58	8	8 " Clarionet, 58

MECHANICAL REGISTERS.	
1 Swell to Great Coupler.	6 Swell to Pedal Coupler.
2 Choir to " "	7 Choir to " "
3 Swell to Choir " "	8 Tremulant "Swell."
4 Great to Pedal " "	9 Bellows Signal.
5 Great to Pneumatic " "	

COMPOSITION PEDALS.	
1 Forte for Great Manual, bringing out the Full Organ.	
2 Piano " " taking off all but 8 ft. Stops.	
3 Great to Pedal Coupler.	

Compass of Manuals from C to A3, 58 notes.
 " " Pedale " C to D 27 "

SUMMARY.	
No. of pipes in Great Manual,	928
" " " Swell "	754
" " " Solo "	452
" " " Pedale "	162
Total No. of pipes,	2296
No. of Speaking Stops.	37
" Mechanical " "	9
Whole No. of draw-stops.	48

The pneumatic action is applied to the great manual, by which the touch, even with all the couplers drawn, is made as light and easy as that of a grand piano-forte. With this action the keys, instead of acting directly upon the pallets, are only required to open a little bellows (one to each key), which instantly expands and lifts all the valves belonging to the keys pressed down, or, if applied to the register action, adds or removes the stops required. Over the great manual, and within easy reach of the fingers of the player, there are some small ivory knobs by which the Swell and Solo manuals can be coupled to the pneumatic action when desired, a contrivance of the greatest utility and convenience. There is also in each manual a blank draw-stop with all its appliances and connections, including room on each wind chest for future additions whenever desired; this provision is of great importance, as there remains nothing to be added but the pipes which may be chosen.

In the power and grandeur of its diapasons, the clearness and resonance of its octaves and harmonies; and the proper quantity and quality of its reed stops, to give boldness and character, we believe this instrument to be unsurpassed by any previous efforts of its eminent builders.

The effect of the full organ is particularly satisfying; so clear and brilliant—*éclatant*—is its quality, yet withal so well blended and balanced, that no stop has undue prominence, and to listen to it is a continual pleasure. The 16 ft. Open Diapason on the great manual imparts great dignity, and the Doppel Flöte and Flute Harmonique great breadth and fullness to the full-organ tone; and the Viola di Gamba gives a peculiar crispness and pungency to the stops of eight-foot pitch. The very complete Pedale, with its six stops, affords a full, abundant support to the

grand pyramid of tone, and yet contains stops of rarely beautiful tone, perfectly adapted to the accompaniment of the softest manual stops.

Among so many beautiful and characteristic stops, or voices, as the Germans appropriately call them, it is hard to select any for particular mention; for some time past, however, the Hooks have been constantly improving in the voicing of string-like, or violin sounding stops; until in this instrument the stops of this *timbre*, as the Viola di Gamba in the great manual, the Salicional and Violina in the swell, the Geigen (or violin) Principal in the solo manual, and the Violone in the pedale, are so successful as to leave nothing further to be desired. The last mentioned stop is of remarkable beauty; when skilfully used it is difficult to believe that one does not hear the "bite" of the bow on the strings of a contra-basso.

The Flauto Traverso in the swell has a lovely, clear, travelling tone, and the Flute d'Amour in the solo manual is also very beautiful. Of the reeds it is only necessary to say that they are the work of the Hooks, so renowned is their excellence in this special and difficult department of organ building.

Though this firm has erected many larger instruments, this, the latest jewel in the chaplet of their noble works, seems the brightest and most perfect.

May they continue to fill our temples with better and better specimens of their art, and may our people appreciate more and more their long continued endeavors to increase its dignity and to elevate it from its former low estate, until, when an organ is to be bought the question shall not be, who will build cheapest? but who will build best?

RIFIENO.

The Welsh Eisteddfod.

The annual fuss by which the Welsh delight to glorify themselves, fancying that thereby they are maintaining "the truth" of the Principality "against the world"—the Carmarthen Eisteddfod—is over. To every one except the speakers of blustering orations and the readers of dreary papers without value, the main life of the celebration must have lain in the musical contributions from Welsh singers and players who have learnt their art in England—such as Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Edmonds, Mr. John Thomas, and Mr. Brinley Richards. It is true that one gentleman, exclusively trained at home, known by the charming bardic name of "The Roaring Lion," figured on the occasion, and that an attempt was made by his section of patriots, ignorant of music, to disturb better performances, in order to force a hearing for his incompetent "native talent," although his exhibition might have been vouchsafed (our contemporaries assure us, and past experience confirms it) to show English-nurtured artists how *not* to sing. What do the violent orators, such as "Talhaiarn," who tickle local prejudice by talking of preservation and progress, and maintaining insulation and bigotry as righteous objects of patriotic Cambrian care, make of such facts? The *Times* puts the matter pithily when contrasting the proceedings of this Carmarthen "Mutual Admiration Society" with those of former meetings, at which a Braham and a Stephens were called in to aid, or of later ones at Rhuddlan and (last year's) Chester. There was no orchestra this year. The triple harp seems falling into desuetude, only one competitor for the prize having presented himself. The best part-singing, as in 1866, was that of the Merthyr choir. A very young lady, Miss Moulding of Swansea, is said to have distinguished herself on the pianoforte. A sensation was excited by a letter from Mr. Edmund Yates, to whom the delicate task of adjudicating the prize for the best song in English had been entrusted. This conveyed the startling fact that the ninety-three specimens submitted for his perusal were, one and all, so devoid of merit, as to be utterly unworthy of any prize. The epistle has put the local blood up; and, in the true Little Pegginton style, an irate journalist warns Mr. Yates to tremble and anticipate just retribution, seeing that he will keep his eyes on *Tinsley's Magazine*. By way of setting a crowning seal on the absurdity, it was determined to ignore the malicious judgment of the invited English arbiter, and to hand over the ninety-three lyrics to be reconsidered by a Welsh gentleman and lady! Mr. Brinley Richards is said to have announced his determination to take no further part in celebrations so futile and foolish. He is wise.—*London Paper*.

Special Notices.

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- The solitary tear. Song. Carl Zerrahn, 70
 Poetry by Heine, with translation, and music ably adapted.
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 Old farm house on the hill. Song. H.B. Funk. 40
 Mary Grey and I. " " " 30
 To Kathleen. " E. Linwood. 30
 Good morrow to my love. " " " 30
 Why art thou weeping. " " " 30
 What Norah said. (Reply to Norah O'Neil). Wellman. 35
 We are growing old, my brother. S'g. Fairlamb. 35
 I've had pleasant dreams. " " 35
 I'll think of thee. " " 35
 Our paths were once together. " " 35
 The shepherd and the rose. " " 30
 From over the wave. " Gaston Lyle. 35
 If thou wilt remember. Song. A. L. Traventi. 35
 Little Jim. Ballad. C. A. White. 30

A long list, but in the multitude of songs one can only notice by classes. These are "songs for the people" by persons who understand what "the people" like.

- Pal o' Mine. Comic Song. Vance. 35
 A clever, good hearted thing.
 Robin Adair. Song for guitar. Haydn. 30
 Good arrangement.
 The Lord's prayer. (Adaptations). Clouston. 35
 An excellent adaptation of the well-known words.
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 Finely finished Italian song.
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 It does a man good to hear Bach's robust music, and this, in oratorio style, shows the strong hand of the master.

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 May Polka. November Quickstep.
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 Gems of the opera, made to shine by Knight, so as to add lustre to nightly pleasures.
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 Fine specimens of dance music. About of easy-medium difficulty.
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 Tasteful and brilliant. Illustrated title.
 Tell me darling. Quickstep. For brass band. Bond. 1.00
 Favorite melody,
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 Pieces of much merit and beauty. Medium difficulty.

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